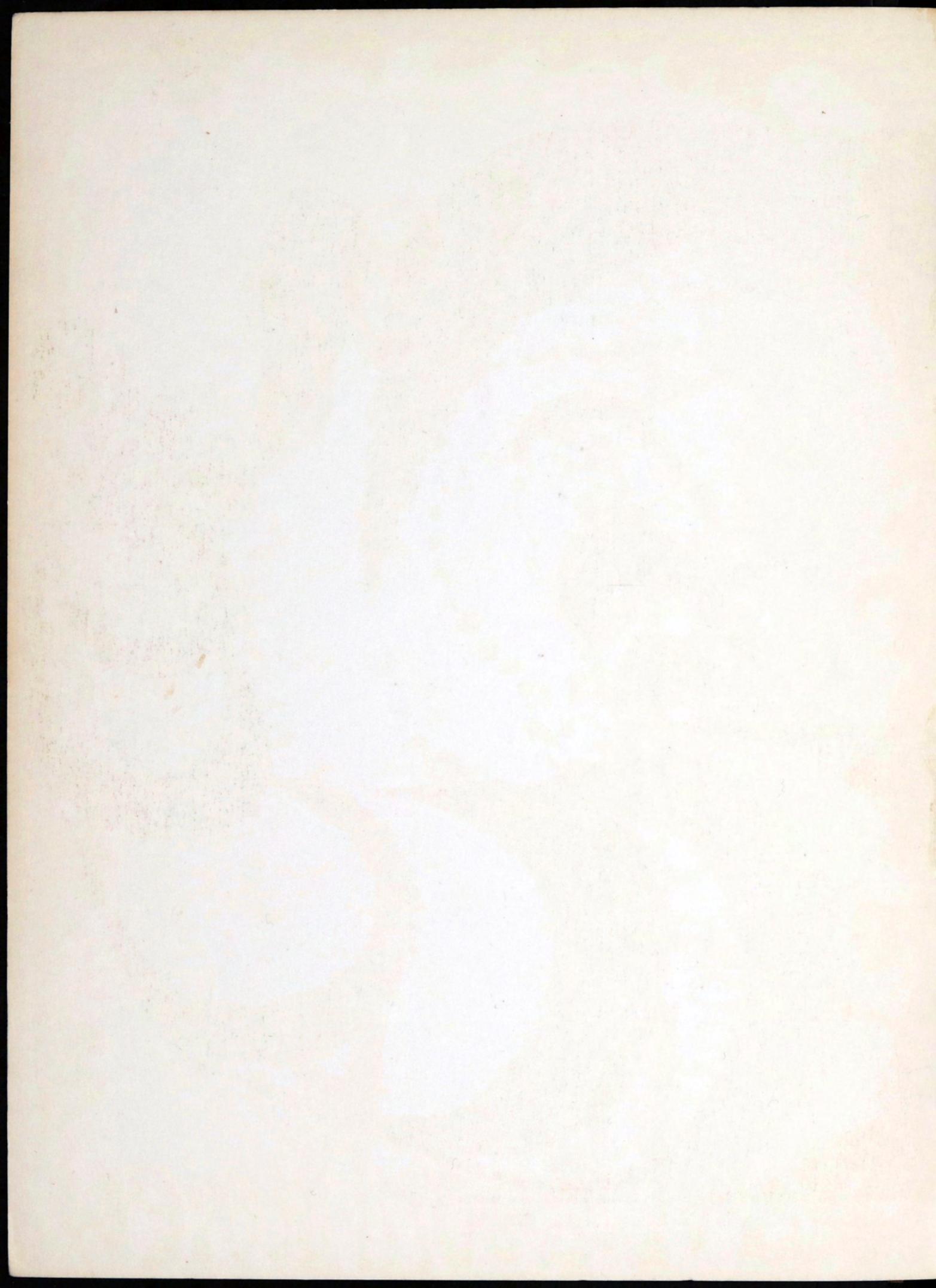


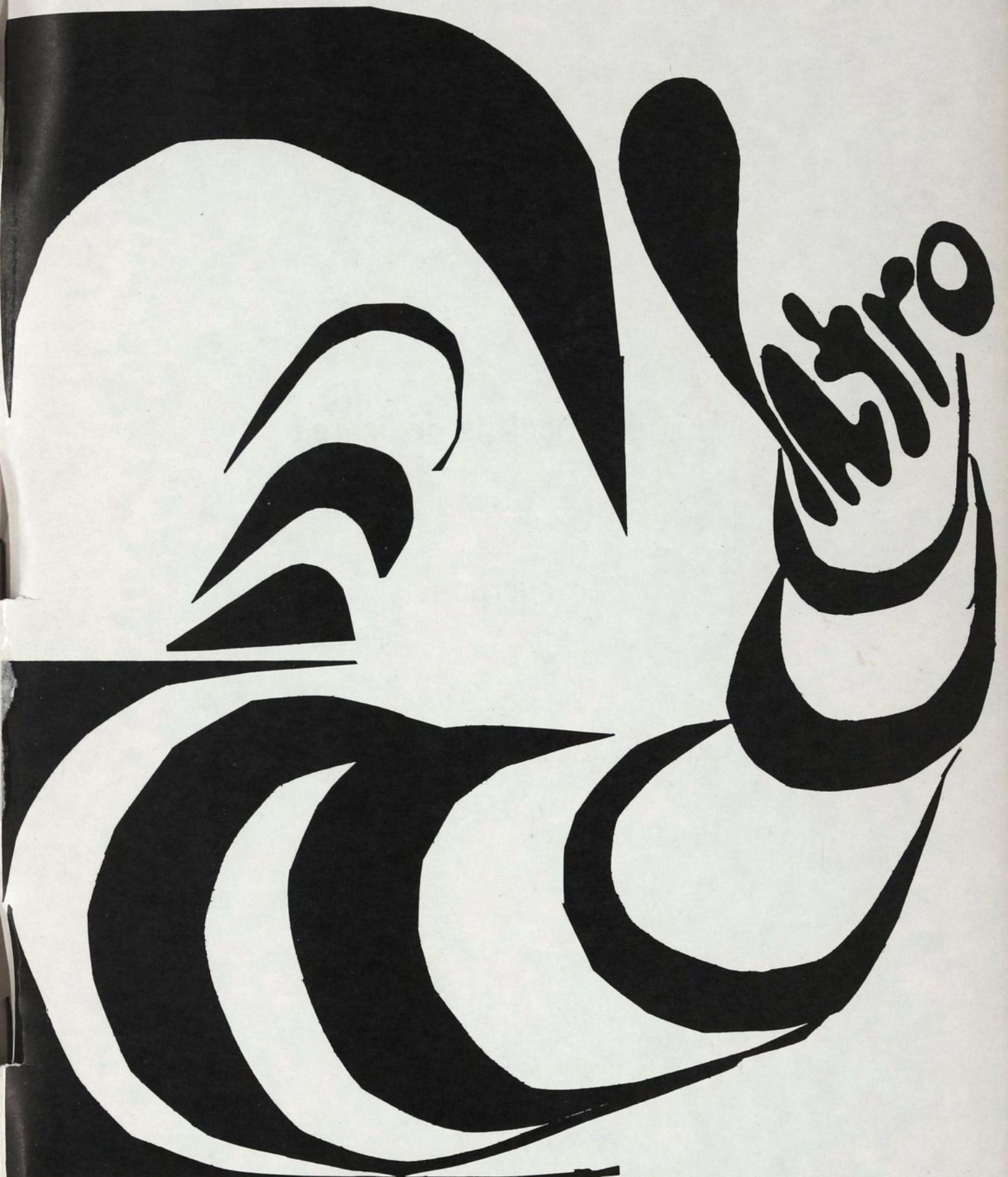
WT. Blaauw

1967



Green Dragon Review





*This yearbook is dedicated*

*to everyone*

*with love and affection.*

# St George's School of Montreal

## The Green Dragon

### Review 1967

Editor-in-chief..... Vanessa Compton  
Assistant Editor..... Nora Gold  
Literary Editor..... Goldie Morgentaler  
Art Editor..... Barbara Goldbloom  
Photographer..... Chris Fitch  
Business Manager..... Robert Thomson

Introductory.....(page one)  
Creative Arts.....(page seven)  
Cross Section.....(page twenty-nine)  
Graduates.....(page thirty-nine)

## Principal's Remarks



There are many aspects of current educational practices on the North American continent which trouble me, but that which concerns me the most is the adherence, for the greater part, to an antedeluvian curriculum dictated to secondary schools from a higher authority. The higher authority in our case is either McGill or the Provincial Ministry of Education. Such an approach in which we are given rigid guide lines, including the texts to be used, develops a regimented, conforming approach which denigrates the human personality by destroying the creative nature inherent in all young people. The very nature of this dictated course of study indicates that there is a given body of knowledge which comes to us from out of the past and which must be venerated because of its age.

In my judgment, this is looking at the process of education from the end of the funnel. It is destructive of the human personality because it assists in inhibiting progress rather than accelerating it. The practice of establishing an alleged body of knowledge which should be common to every student graduating from a secondary school in this province is absurdly regimenting. Furthermore, it makes the twin jobs of learning and instructing a deadly bore. The same or almost the same subject matter is rehashed year in and year out with little or no thought to the fact that we are presumably educating people who will live in the 21st century, a century which may see men living on the moon. In an age which calls for experimentation, exploration, and dissent, an age in which today's heresy may be tomorrow's truth, we still insist on compartmentalized, neatly packaged bits of information many of which have no relationship to the modern day and which certainly do not educate people for life in the year 2000.

What is to be done? We should be permitted to establish our own curricula on the secondary school level, fitting it to the intellectual needs and interests of our respective student bodies. We should be allowed mobility of practice and flexibility in experimenting. We should be permitted to come out of the Iron Maiden in which we are now encased. We should begin to deal on a more adult level with those who are our charges.

One of the phenomena of our day which has to be accepted by everyone over the age of thirty is the "Alienation Gap." No parent can hide his head in the sand and pretend that it does not exist, for it is a very real fact of life. One of the reasons for the persistence of this gap lies in the boring nature of today's educational system, one which presupposes that its job is to mold young people in order to make them more acceptable to adults. It is a rehash of the "Children should be seen, not heard" approach of the Victorian Era and is equally outdated. We are mis-educating children by insisting that our mores, our ethics, and our morals are fixed immutable constants. One has only to look at the world today with its wars, its appeals to man's basest prejudices, its pockets of poverty, and its cultures of deprivation to say with James Joyce, "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awaken." Even the most objective of us would have to agree with Sean O'Casey that "The world's in a terrible state of chassis" and is rapidly going nowhere. How then can we expect the young to accept our habits, attitudes, and beliefs? It seems only natural to me that young people should search for new values, new avenues of approach to the solution of the world's problems.

Finally, we must not be afraid of change, of disturbing the status quo. One of the very real objectives of education is that of educating for change, social, political, and economic. There is an eternal dialectic in nature which a stratified curriculum denies. The world is in a constant state of flux, and we cannot afford to remain standing still. We cannot afford to take one step forward in order to take two steps backward. We must permit young people to stride forward, making their own value judgments and their own mistakes, aware of the fact that today's youth will become the leaders of the future. We must be aware of the fact that they will eventually make decisions over which we shall have no control and attempt to give them the confidence to look forward to a world which they will build.

Robert T. Leicester,  
Principal.

# President's Release

## STUDENT GOVERNMENT — WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?



There seems to be a misconception on the part of all student bodies in both private and public schools that the executive of the Student Council and the eight or more representatives are the only ones concerned with student government. Because they are the only ones who care, they are the only ones involved.

At two conferences sponsored by the Pre-university Affairs Committee of the McGill Student Society, one in February and the other in April, I discovered two things: that in public schools, the Student Council is far from a liberal forum for student thought and becomes useful only in its capacity to organize dances, and secondly that St. George's, oddly enough has something in common with the public school, lack of student support for its own student government within the school. The presidents, vice-presidents and newspaper editors attending these meetings were not complaining about the old cliché "lack of school spirit," but of the fact that they had to seek the help of other Montreal student council executives to help them with their individual causes in their individual schools.

The outcome of the two conferences was the formation of a student union.

When we examine these two factors together, the problem becomes more shocking at St. George's. The opportunities for an active and strong student government are here, but unfortunately we do not take advantage of them. Never has a principal prohibited the students from reading books such as *Catcher in the Rye*, as one public school principal did. We have never had a bridge club or another such club abolished on principal's orders as did one public school. Nor has our newspaper been discontinued, primarily because we do not really have a newspaper — there has not been enough interest among the students to make one worthwhile.

Students complain about not having a voice in school affairs in both private and public institutions. This complaint is more justified in the public school. The newspaper is the vehicle of student thought and opinion, but St. George's students do not care to use it. Meanwhile in public schools the editor fights the administrators just to keep a newspaper lively and interesting.

We are one step ahead because our administrators will discuss things with us, and yet no further on the road to an active and useful council. The Federation of High Schools is a perfect example of the freedom given private school students. The Expo trip was suggested, organized, and carried out solely by students. The Study Centre, a project which adults might start, was conceived and directed by students, with professionals as advisors.

This is a problem for next year's Student Council and those of many years to come. Only when high school students in both types of schools stop attacking and complaining about the "repressive atmosphere" and a student council president who "does nothing", and start supporting and co-operating, creating and partaking, will a change in the entire picture of high school student government come about.

Carol Bieler (XI)

## On Dropping Out

There's no future playing one-two-three-O'Leary, even though it's fun. The hippy doctrine rests on let's all close our eyes and love each other, for then all the bogies will go away - or if they stay, they'll become loving too.

It doesn't work. The hippies are useful in a manner similar to the way Hitler tried to use the Social Democrats in Germany - a lessening, liberalizing force to sweep away later. I've nothing against hippies, but I think there are better things to do, and I can't see dropping out of a fight that must be fought. The doctrine of love has little meaning for a Filipino Huk, who's seen the CIA and Suharto kill about a million neighboring Indonesians, and who knows that if he doesn't keep his knife sharp, he's next. He could turn loving, but then he'd starve even faster than he might now - because US imperialism owns him and his country. Love doesn't fill bellies or make better lives or eliminate storm troopers.

Storm troopers don't love back, see, they just walk on your prostrate, flowered face.

The world, unhappily, is filled with storm troopers in many guises; sometimes they're Marines in (god forbid the word), maybe they're cops in Los Angeles, or perhaps northern affairs officials in Inuvik or maybe even parliamentarians in Ottawa.

Look at the diggers in San Francisco. Hippies with a difference, who exist to give things away. The things they hand out so freely are the drippings from a sick, obese society, and their parasitic relationship with it provides suburbia with laughs and the diggers with food.

The shock will come this summer, when teenyboppers from all over North America stream into Haight-Ashbury to discover starvation with love; The diggers don't understand basic economics. You don't have to understand when you are hungry.

Sure, it'd be better if everybody loved one another with glee and stuff. But don't dream that Lyndon Johnson will love you. He doesn't and he won't; you're just a non-consuming pimple on the face of the real great society. If society accepts the hippies and the drug bag, that's fine; their struggle will be a part of the struggle of mankind, the struggle for liberation around the world. All the societies in the world are linked

by a bond of humanity first and by a bond of empire second. The empire should be of men, not money. We want to keep the first and do away with the second. I'm convinced the future lies with those who are subjects of the American (and increasingly the Soviet) empire. The revolution won't come here until it comes to all the exploited countries around the world, but it will come, it must come. Old Marx was right, capitalism contains the seeds of its own destruction. Trouble is, the hippies aren't seeds of anything except wasted time. Dropping out does not change the nature of an evil social order; only naiveté assumes those who control will also drop out.

Hippy love and Leary exist in an ideological vacuum, precariously balanced on ground that's been plowed under before. Anarchy, the usual hippy creed, which when understood properly sways to communism and the withering away of the state. But that implies political action to make it so. Marx had a vision too, a vision of a society and a world free from material need. His manifesto says mostly you don't have to be hungry anymore to all the hungry people in the world. After Marx, philosophers like Erich Fromm and psychiatrists like R.D. Liang have correctly diagnosed the schizophrenia in society that doesn't allow hippies to exist, and does allow around the world brown men to slave their lives away for the sake of affluent, corpulent white men in north america.

It's a combination of things, closely related to economics and class and racism and fear and liberalism and often plain stupidity. It boils to this, for hippies: society won't let more than a small percentage of its members drop out, because if it did, profits would drop through lack of consumers, the factories would close, and the men who own the world go broke. Besides, hippies make damn poor cannon fodder in empire-building wars that require young men by the thousands for said cannon fodder.

Tuning in to the flowers and to love and turning on to acid is very nice, but it's schizophrenia just like the suburban kind. The book of the dead doesn't do any thing about murderers - they don't read it and won't listen to you.

John Kelsey, The Canada Free Press



**Creative arts**  
**creative arts**

## The Story of the Mask

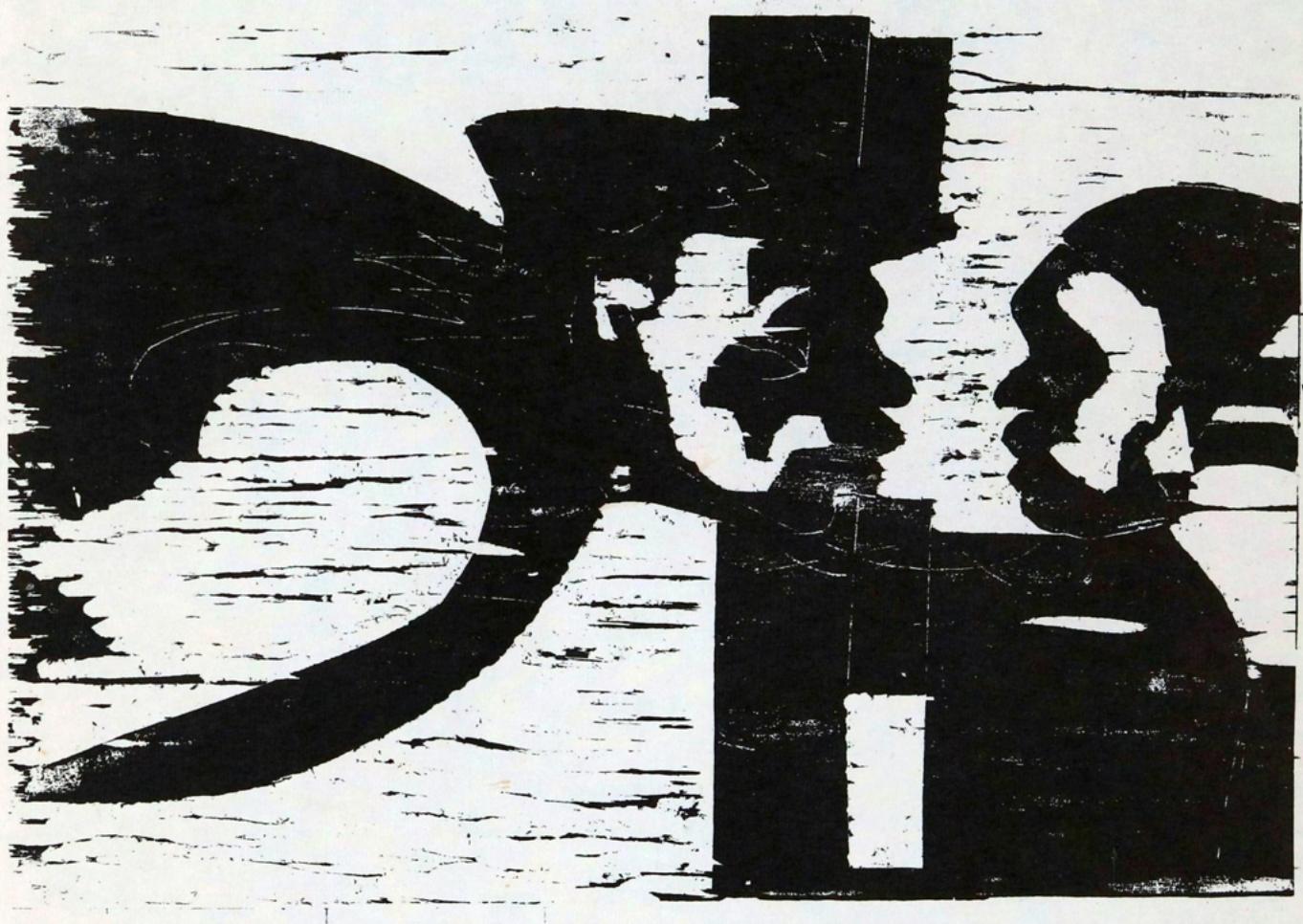
Once upon a time there was a man, a very ugly man. He was rather a miserly creature, and did not have any friends. People were generally afraid of him. He lived in a village which was named after him. He was mayor, king, treasurer, government, everything in the village, because no one dared oppose him. He was married to a beautiful girl whose spirit he had drained entirely. Now she was like a slave, obediently doing whatever he commanded. She spoke in monosyllables and only when spoken to, He was very suspicious, and whoever he suspected was immediately cast into jail, as he was also police chief.

Each day he would wake up, have his breakfast in bed, and then go to his bank. From there he would go to the police station and then to the court. Next on his agenda was the public square. By the time the morning was over, he had checked on the whole village. After lunch he would rest a bit, and then count his money. After supper, he would visit people. They always had to be ready for him. This was his day. The only exceptions were when he went to the city. What he did there no one knew.

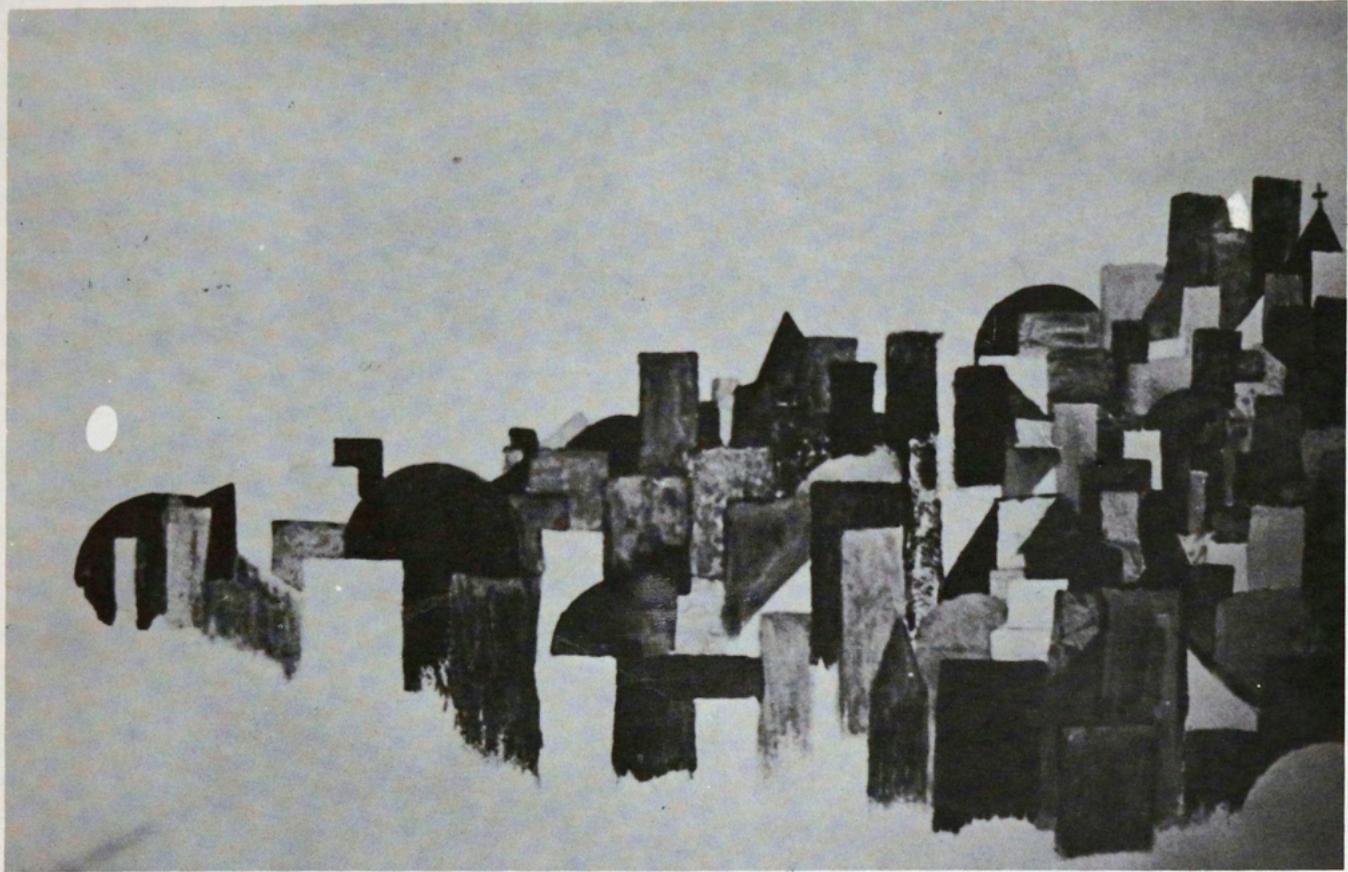
Visitors were very unwelcome in the village. The inhabitants were not allowed to leave the village. This was seen to by some strong men who were the police. Although the people were very unhappy, they dared not revolt. This revolution had been tried once in their lifetime and the people who had organized it had been guillotined in the public square. The deep impression it had made was still there.

He cared nothing for feelings. He had none himself and so paid no heed to anyone else's. He was a tyrant who belonged in the olden times. He took whatever he wanted. Once he took a fancy to the baker's daughter at her engagement party. When she resisted him, he had her taken away, and no one has heard of her since. He was very clever, but if he made a mistake, heaven help the person who corrected him. It was the same as signing your death warrant.

And so life went on in this community. The people were desperate, but what could they do? And then, suddenly their problem was solved. He was found dead. Dead he was, but the look on his face! It was a very surprised expression, and at the same time piercing and leering. It was as if he had seen something he didn't believe in. Another strange thing was that no one could tell how he died. The doctors certainly couldn't. The priest had their own theory: that one of God's messengers had given him the judgement he deserved. They believed this so strongly that they made a mask of his face, added a few extras, and hung it in the church to show what happens when you defy God's laws. And who knows? Perhaps they're right.



Agnes McKenna (IX)



Jimmy Shavick (XI)

## Time

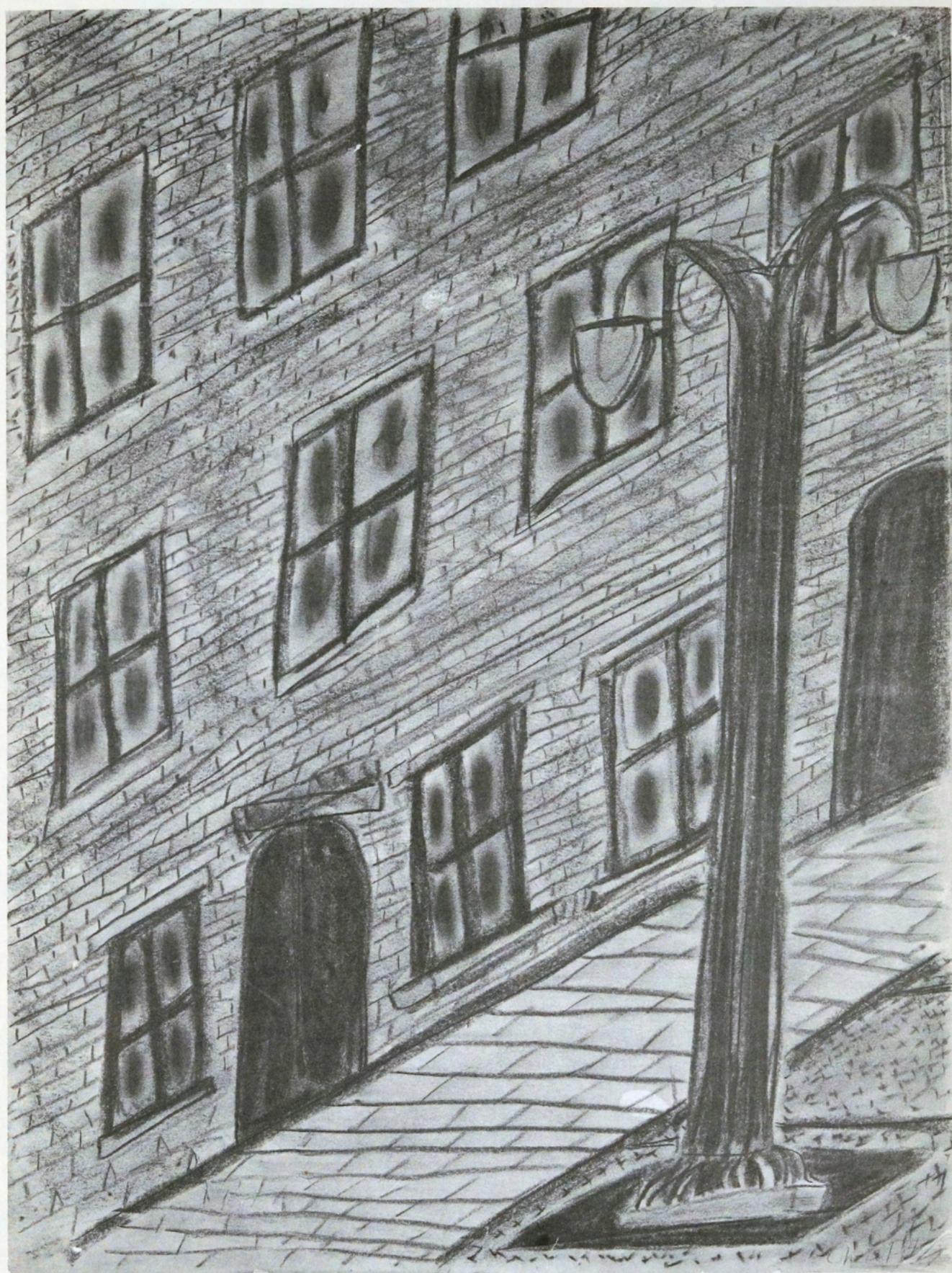
What is Time?

The slow  
swinging of a pendulum  
From left ... to right ... right  
... to left  
An old man wielding a scythe  
Cutting down the doomed ones  
And leaving those destined to live

The ticking of a watch  
The pounding of a heart  
A new life about to start  
A weary life about to end  
A century . . . a fraction of a second

Time is forever . . .

Sheryl Halpern  
(VII)



Chris Fitch (IX)



Andrea Donderi (III)

## The Old Lady

I am an old Lady,  
Look at that paper dress!  
Look at that wig!  
Look at the plastic jewels!  
Look at the robots dressed up like people!

Michael Demand (IV)

## Sunrise

The girl sat at the foot of a huge tree, pressed against its damp, cold bark. The branches spread like twisted fingers above her, black against the clear night sky; occasionally a light wind stirred them, and they creaked and rustled and spoke to the passing air. Down the hill the lake lapped and splashed quietly.

The girl shivered and huddled closer to tree. She saw a faint paling of the sky on the horizon, and watched it, face half turned to the tree, unseeing. Imperceptibly the glow strengthened and grew intense, warming the sky above the black outline of the mountains to a watery yellow. She stared around her at the changes in the land; the black depthless lake had turned cold and gray, and there were brown reeds at the edge and the shadowy hulk of a boat drawn up on the shore. She could distinguish the grasses on the slopes, silver with dew, and the damp ridges in the bark of trees. A crow cawed in a volley that faded as it flapped off into the distance. The light in the east grew warmer and stronger.

The sky had changed to gold when she saw the young man walking across the field to the lake. He walked slowly, looking straight ahead, and as she watched him from the hill, the girl thought, "I can stop him. I can call him and he'll stop."

She pressed against the tree and said nothing.

Reaching the boat, he took the oars from the floor and set them in the carlocks. "He won't go," she thought. "If I run down the hill to him, he won't go."

Her fingers found a twig and snapped it, and she did not move.

At the sound the young man turned and looked around him. His eyes clouded when he saw her and he turned back to the boat and started pushing it, grating across the gravel, down into the water. He jumped in as it slid into the shallows, and spread the oars.

"If I follow him," thought the girl, "if I walk through the water after him, he'll come back; when the sun sets, when his boat is gold in the golden light, he'll forget the things I did; he'll see that this is the best place. I'll follow him, I'll call him. He'll come back."

He looked back at her for a moment. She returned his stare, expressionless. He shrugged and started rowing with a powerful stroke that quickly took him round the curve of the bay. As he disappeared the sky flared, and the sun blazed above the horizon, the first beams catching the ripples in the water and turning the lake into a thousand shifting mirrors. The girl turned her face to the tree and wept.

# Politactics

Politicians are funny ones,  
The funniest I know,  
With Big John Wig  
They think they're big  
And shout 'you come, you go!'

They're riding high with a Mike tie  
With little orange dots,  
They jump and shout and run about  
Like crazy Hottentots.

They plead, they rile, they frown,  
they smile,  
It seems without a point,  
They mean to say 'kick those guys out'  
I want to run this joint.'

Well let's just say that's what we do,  
The country is in pain,  
The people shout 'ELECTION QUICK!'  
Well here we go again!

Alfred Gertler (V)



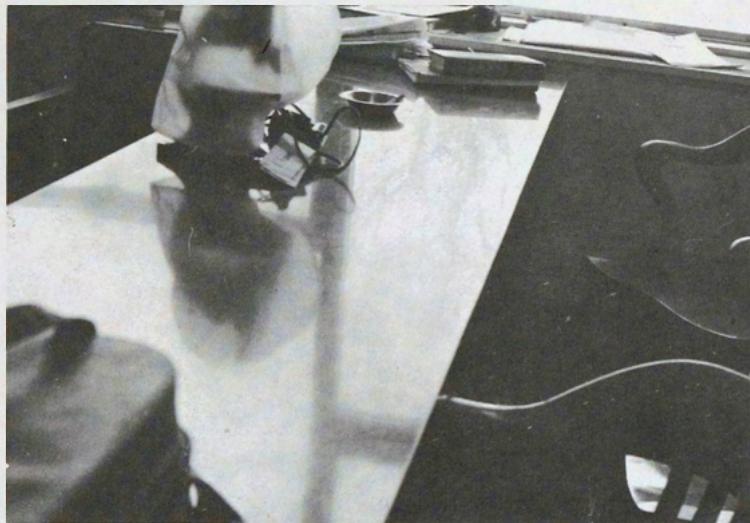


Goldie Morgentaler (XI)

## Child and Dog

The child stepped uncertainly towards the black, four-legged animal. Starting at the large paws, with their protruding spike claws, his eyes moved slowly over the immense form, wandering upwards to the bony forelegs and muscular hindparts passing over the awesome body, with slightly swayed back, and finally edging up the strong, collared neck to stare, reluctantly, into the black, piercing eyes. Reaching out, he gently stroked the coarse fur which covered the dog, with his tiny, soft hand. The child's angelic innocence contrasted sharply with the foreboding devilish appearance of the animal, even to the colour of their skins: pure white against dingy black. Sensing the alien hand upon its back, the dog jerked suddenly, a deep, low growl issuing from its throat. Fear, like an electric shock, sprang in the child, electrifying his nerves. Swiftly the hand retreated, the body turned, and the legs fled, trailed by the black menace, which followed only for the sake of increasing the child's terror.

Lucie Clarke (X)



## Is it better to have loved and lost...?

It is 2:00 A.M. A child has just died during a kidney operation. The doctor who performed the surgery stands silently, smoking a cigarette and sipping the coffee which will keep him alert until the arrival of the town coroner. The only sound is the steady ticking of the clock in the tiny hospital kitchen. The doctor's mind wanders from the agony of telling the child's parents to the court hearing that he will probably have to face. The operation was not scheduled, but the girl was near death anyway, and the doctor decided that surgery was her only hope for survival. There were no other staff members in the tiny fifteen-bed hospital. It was the custom for the doctors, nurses, and orderlies, except for the one who had night duty, to leave at 11:00 P.M.

The doctor hears a noise and is jarred from his reverie. He goes to the window to see if the coroner has finally arrived, but it is just a passing truck, and he reflects some more. Now he thinks about what would have happened if he had not operated. Would the child have lived? He would never know the answer.

Donna Balkan (VIII)



"The Unconditional Guarantee" - John Busboom (VI)

The dreams of fools are  
the plans of wise men; the plans  
of fools are but dreams.

Children are playing  
in the toppled ruins of Rome  
and on Caesar's grave.

The actor many faces has.  
But which one is his own?  
The one which he sees on himself  
Or the one by which he is known?

Susan Glickman (VIII)

# Raid

## B-52'S AGAIN BOMB TARGETS IN NORTH

The first pale grey fingers of light touched the silvery bombers, lined up along the Guam airfield. We emerged from the crew's briefing room and walked briskly in the coolness of the early morning to the sleeping giants lying along the runway before us. Climbing through the nose hatch of the lead plane, the eleven members of the crew and myself were soon strapped into our seats and running through the pre-flight checklist. The entire line of planes was now poised for the coming attack.

## B-52'S AGAIN BOMB TARGETS IN NORTH

Continued From Page 1, Col 1  
that a civilian is allowed on one of the secretive B-52 missions over Viet Nam. I felt a little nervous, being one of the men who half of the demilitarized sector.

Smaller North Vietnamese tactical fighter-bombers struck several times within the border zone yesterday, the spokesman said.

Other Aircraft Active  
Ranging over North Viet-nam during the day, American planes flew 100 night-attack missions.

For the third straight day, Navy pilots struck a rail road yard and fuel dumps near the heart of the coastal city of Thanhhoa. They were said to have saturated the rail yard with 250, 500, 1,000 and 2,000-pound bombs. Fifteen cars and six warehouses destroyed and several hundred feet of tracks torn up.

"Ten seconds to bombs away", announced the bombardier. Air Force pilots destroyed 16 cargo ships along the coast five miles north of Dongha, set fire to stacks of barrels on the shore when they dropped drums of napalm.

There was little ground action in South Vietnam. Suddenly the air was filled with a piercing scream as the deadly cannisters plunged toward the target five miles below. The green jungle mat lit up like a pin-ball machine as orange flame and mud were tossed hundreds of feet into the air, abruptly shattering the serene beauty of the master artist's landscape.

Later, over the Pacific, I asked the pilot if he considered the mission a success.

"It's possible we killed a hundred people back there", he said. "There are no successes in war, only failures."

Special to The New York Times

SAIGON, South Vietnam, Sept. 25, 1966  
Strategic bombers B-52

struck infiltration routes

North Vietnam for the fifth time

in 12 days.

The heavy Boeing

bombers struck at infiltration

routes, truck parks and storage areas

just north of the demilitarized

zone that divides North and

South Vietnam, a United States

state spokesman said.

It was the third straight day

that the Guam-based bombers

struck against North

Vietnam. As stated yester-

day, when a spokesman dis-

closed the B-52 strikes of the

two previous days, today's

fully military communiqué

and only one paragraph

describing the attack conducted

"near the demilitarized zone" 20

miles northwest of the South

Vietnamese city of Dongha.

Only in response to question:

did the spokesman state: "Yes

to the question, North Viet-

nam, too."

First Attacks in April

The B-52's were first used

against North Vietnam April

12, 13, April 27, the attacks on

the Mu Gia Pass, a key point in

the network of infiltration

routes leading to the South.

United States military spokes-

men have announced nine B-52

raids in the wide buffer

zone between North and South

In one raid bombs fell into the

Benhai River which, approxi-

matting the 17th Parallel, serves

as the boundary line. Another

time the bombs crashed into

targets in the northern half of

the zone. According to the

spokesman, the seven other

raids hit targets in the southern

Continued on Page 8, Column 1

Robert Thomson (X)



Teresa Toczyłowska (VIII)

## Stars

I went to bed last night at nine.  
I saw the stars peeping through  
my windowpane.  
Hello! Hello! I said to them,  
But answer they did not do.  
I said, Answer please will you,  
But answer they did not do.  
I said to myself, They are too  
far away.

Sarah Stead (III)

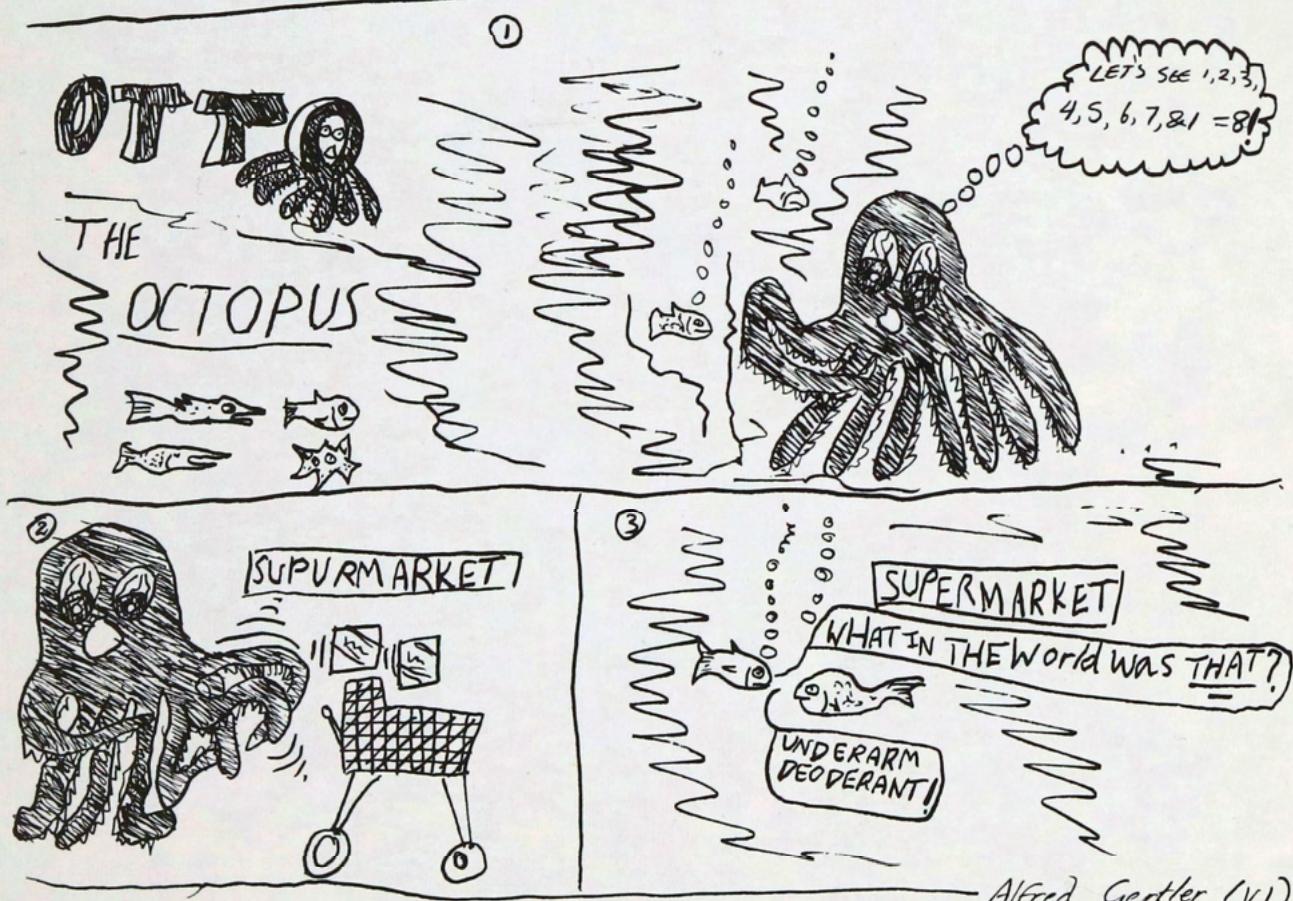
# The Wild Genius

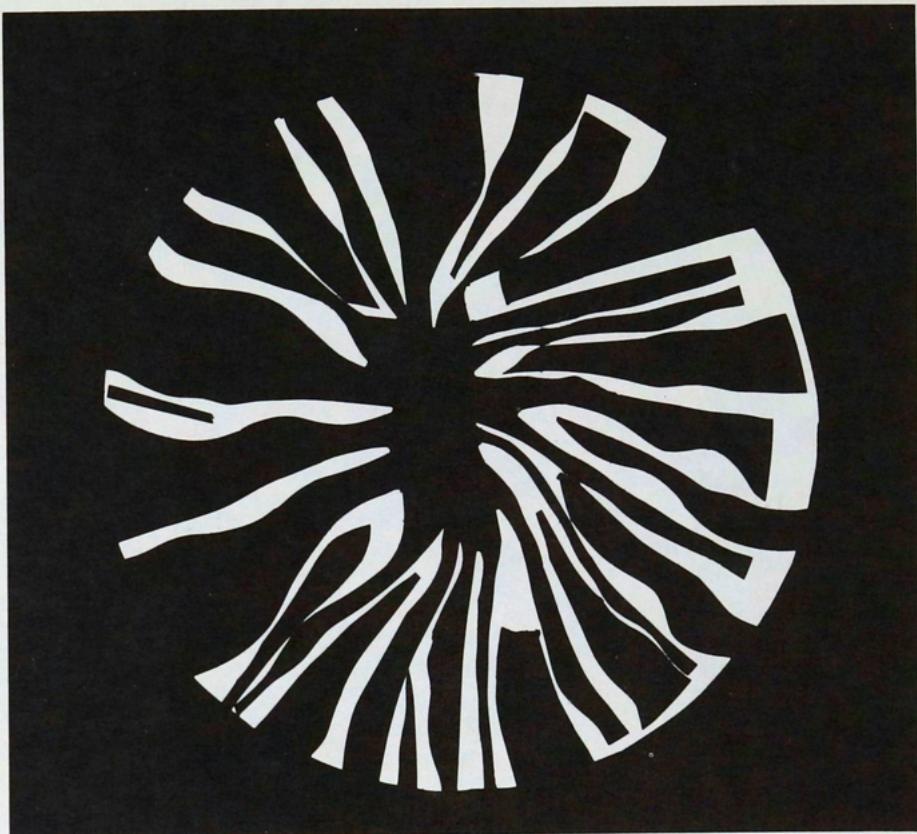
One could describe Ambrosius Magnoporis as a wild genius or a modern Merlin. Many a picture has Ambrosius Magnoporis painted, but the one he is working on now is by far the most brilliant. Though always critical of his work, he finally decides that his masterpiece is nearly completed.

Ambrosius Magnoporis does not live in a high society establishment, but in a meager district. In his small room another picture is hanging. All of this genius' work is modern and abstract. Shadows give a queer effect to his room, distorting the imagination. Often he is plagued by stray cats who are quite vicious.

Anyway, to continue with the story, our artist Ambrosius Magnoporis is now putting the final touch to his exquisite drawing. Meanwhile three of the stray cats are provoking, annoying and disturbing the artist's neighbour. In a frenzy to rid herself of the vexing cats she (the neighbour) hurls an enormous bucket of water at the animals. In their terrified flight, they leap through the window, which Ambrosius, who enjoyed and was stimulated by fresh air, always kept open. The water with the cats flies across the floor, splattering the artist's paragon, disfiguring and destroying the exquisite work. Ambrosius Magnoporis jumping into the air, knocks his chair and easel flying. His feeble, puny body taut, his face in agony, his mouth ready to give a piercing scream, every muscle of the body straining . . . . . The world's greatest painting destroyed! The loss of the picture was too much for the delicate man. He, a creative genius, died on that night, February 11th, 1963 from a heart-attack.

Dagmara Brunst (VIII)





## Lord Randal

Where have you been, Lord Randal, my boy?  
Oh, where have you been, my handsome young man?  
Let's not have any of this fifth amendment bit.  
(Lord Randal's lawyer whispers in his ear:  
"You're weary with hunting and fain would lie down."  
"I'm weary with hunting and fain would lie down"

Come on kid, an insanity plea wouldn't work.  
Where got you those white capsules, Lord Randal, my boy?  
Don't tell me they're Tiny Time pills?  
"Oh Sarge, I got them at the Pier 31 testimonial dinner."  
Pier 31, is someone going on a trip?  
"Yes, you could say that."

What happened to your St. Bernard, Lord Randal?  
Oh, what happened to your St. Bernard, my handsome young man?  
"Poor devil, he had to be put away.  
Those initials on the brandy keg  
Don't stand for Louisiana State Distillery".

Oh Lord Randal, I fear you are caught.  
Lord Randal, my boy, I fear you are caught.  
You've lied and killed and plundered across the country  
But now you are caught and we're going to nail you for contempt of court.  
Oh, my heart burns for you, Randal, and if your  
Mother gets out before you do I'll give her your love.

Ann Thomson (VIII)



Ronnie Hier (IX)

## Expo : Day and Night

At the hour before noon,  
Pavilions are bustling with excitement.  
Swarms of sight-seers  
Searching for superlatives.  
Queues lengthen,  
Crowds grow.  
People,  
Passports in pockets,  
Anxious to see what is recommended  
For the average tourists,  
Though each knows  
He is different.  
La Ronde is silent,  
The air is filled with monotony.  
The amusements  
Fail to amuse.

At the hour before midnight,  
Spirit at La Ronde is very high.  
The fair,  
Reduced to one-quarter of its size,  
Expands fourfold  
In gaiety.  
Tourists,  
Intoxicating themselves,  
For lack of anything else to do.  
Night life, here;  
Culture, gone;  
Until the hour before noon.

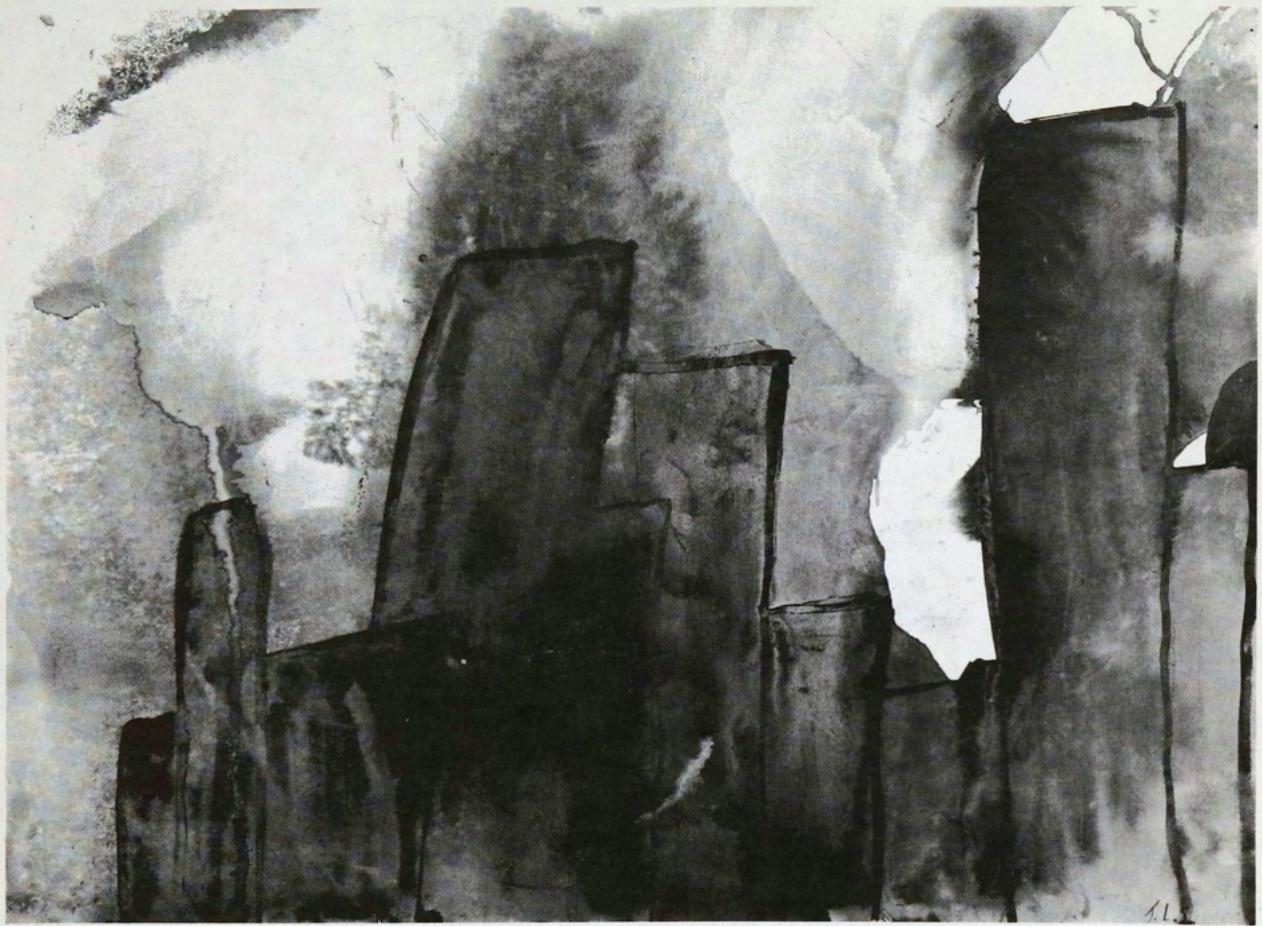
Stephen Levy (VIII)

## The Parking Lot

Expo is five days old -  
One million people have been there now.  
The Metro station is jammed,  
The parking lots are filled.  
So, every day when I go home,  
I must weave my way through the parking lot.  
It's packed with cars for one mile:  
The crowds rhythm is monotonous  
As they rush from cars and back again.  
They look neither to right nor left,  
But only straight ahead,  
As if they could not see  
All the colourful pavilions.  
Yet as I walk between the cars on my way home,  
I think of the sight a week ago:  
A mile-long parking lot,  
Not a car to be seen.  
A solitary living figure was I  
Among the light posts.  
The only person in the whole world I was,  
While in that parking lot.  
Walking on the barren grounds;  
I would stare, with wide eyes:  
At the bubble, the U.S. pavilion,  
At the ski jump, the USSR pavilion.  
How serene, intriguing, and untouched they looked,  
Like palaces of gods rising out of nothingness.  
Oh, how could it be, that this lonely heaven  
Could deserve such a sudden, ugly fate?

John Melikoff (VIII)

Expo - Alfred Gertler (V)



Judy Scott (IX)

## The Football Player

The locker-room door swung open and the cool, outside air rushed in. I turned around and hurriedly laid out the rest of the towels. The room was filled with the rhythmic claps of the players' cleats, like a well drilled army on parade. The men shuffled in without a word. They had lost.

I moved to the corner where I usually sit and played with a deflated football. Number 32, Evans, plopped down on the bench across from me with a low, painful grunt. His white pants were now mud-coloured and his jersey numbers were distorted by streaking grass stains. The sharp acid odour of his sweat was mixed with the pungent smells of the various open liniments on the doctor's table. Across the room the showers burst and sputtered to life, spreading a haze of thick, heavy steam across the ceiling. Evans removed his helmet and carefully explored the blue-black, darkening lump of his slowly swelling eye. His mud-splattered helmet fell to the floor from the bench. As he leaned down to retrieve it, his eyes met the odd checkerboard pattern of an opponent's cleats on his right calf. He stroked the raw spot of his leg, and the beads of glistening perspiration rolled from his forehead down his red face and beaded again on his upper lip. He sat up and wiped his lip with a quick swipe of his tongue. His face contorted, maybe because of a body ache, or the sharp salty taste of his own sweat. The monotonous chatter of the players died down as they all entered the showers. Evans slowly undressed and in his towel, around his waist, he could have been a Roman gladiator after a victory in the arena. He turned and headed for the thick, slowly settling steam. He disappeared into the steam-laden distance, and only the heavy slapping of his feet on the wet, bare floor warned others of his approach.

I gathered up Evans' discoloured uniform and entered the fog, headed for the door. The air in the hall was clear, odourless and refreshing, but very ordinary.

Scott Rothman (X)

## An Hour in Tight Shoes

The newly hired worker had just finished taking inventory of the frozen meat, when, to his horror, he found himself locked inside the huge refrigerator. He panicked, and accidentally hit his head on a low hanging fixture, knocking himself unconscious. Time passed, the unconscious figure did not move, and gradually froze.

In the manager's office, a search party was quickly assembled. After two hours he was found lying in the refrigerator, with a touch of blue beginning to set into the flesh. An ambulance was called but after a brief examination, the meat clerk was pronounced dead. His family and relatives were then promptly notified, and the body was sent to a funeral parlour. Due to an oversight by one of the undertakers, the body was not prepared on schedule, and this mistake was not discovered until an hour before the time arranged for the funeral.

"Get a move on with Mr. Patterly, John, we have one more hour to get him cleaned and dressed for the funeral."

"Sure G.D., I'll have him ready on time. Funny you know, if it wasn't for the slight tinge of blue in his flesh, I'd swear he was still alive."

"Don't be funny, he has been dead for hours."

"I know G.D., but still, it scares me. Well Mr. Patterly, let's see what I can do

for you." The undertaker then skillfully washed the corpse, and was just going to congratulate himself on being ten minutes early, when he realized that he had forgotten the shoes.

"Oh well, I'll have to go down to the storeroom and get a pair. I'd better hurry." The undertaker was back in a few moments, with a pair of shiny black shoes.

"These ought to fit." Unfortunately, they didn't . . . Just then, his boss called him, asking him to bring up the body with the coffin. "Be right up G.D. . I might as well squeeze these shoes on his feet, no one will know the difference." he thought, and with great effort forced the feet into the shoes.

Mr. Patterly's funeral was as funerals usually are, solemn and quite sad. That is, up until the point when he was going to be placed in the grave. Suddenly a furious tapping was heard from inside the coffin. Then as abruptly as it had started, it stopped. The minister hesitated a few moments before he opened the coffin. When he did so, he found a genuinely dead body this time because, although the tight shoes had awakened Mr. Patterly from his state of suspended animation, by speeding up his circulation, he had died from suffocation when he awoke and started struggling, and our poor Mr. Patterly was now quite honestly dead!

Jed Rabinovitch (VII)

## Four Colours

The colours of my youth explode on me when I remember  
The special joys, the happy birthday parties.  
Balloons everywhere, thousands of pastel bubbles,  
Reflecting my life, and what is seen in those bubbles.  
I see a girl with long hair and dimples  
The ideal party dress, deep blue velvet with lace,  
The locket of mother-of-pearl which was worn,  
The marble fire place and the millions of chandeliers,  
The special awe of mid-Victorian furniture,  
The music of my family, the splendour of a day,  
One day so perfect in its harmony.  
And walking down the front hall stairs  
I became a little girl of mid-Victorian dreams,  
My life governed by a "Nanny" in motherly blue serge,  
And the carefree existance of childhood.  
The lack of painful knowledge, the happiness of my birthday,  
How good it was to be alive, to savour life, without a scale of degrading comparisons.  
The era of the shrimp cocktail in all its four-year-old splendour.  
A treat, a special treat, bound with tradition.  
How can I tell you of a Mother so beautiful to my eyes,  
The richness of velvet and the smell of grown-up drinks?  
Joy in the simplicity of friends?  
The Birthday cake with many candles, to dream on, the fascination of the flame?  
Mystery that each one held burning torches of hope?  
My friends playing after-dinner games  
Cheating but enjoying the fun of the game?  
Everyone enjoyed the fun, although misery was as close as age.  
The gay colours of their clothes,  
The smell of blown out candles  
The rustle of wrappings undone with ferocious greed,  
No shame felt in the healthy animal body of my youth.

Marcia Salmond (X)

The willow tree  
Drooping clustered sprays, silently  
Weeps on stony ground.

Sun shines in my eyes,  
It blinds me ; I cannot see  
beyond to the hills.

Do long, dreary streets  
Stretching down, down to the docks  
End at the water ?

The soldiers march by.  
A small girl, watching, wonders  
Where her father is.

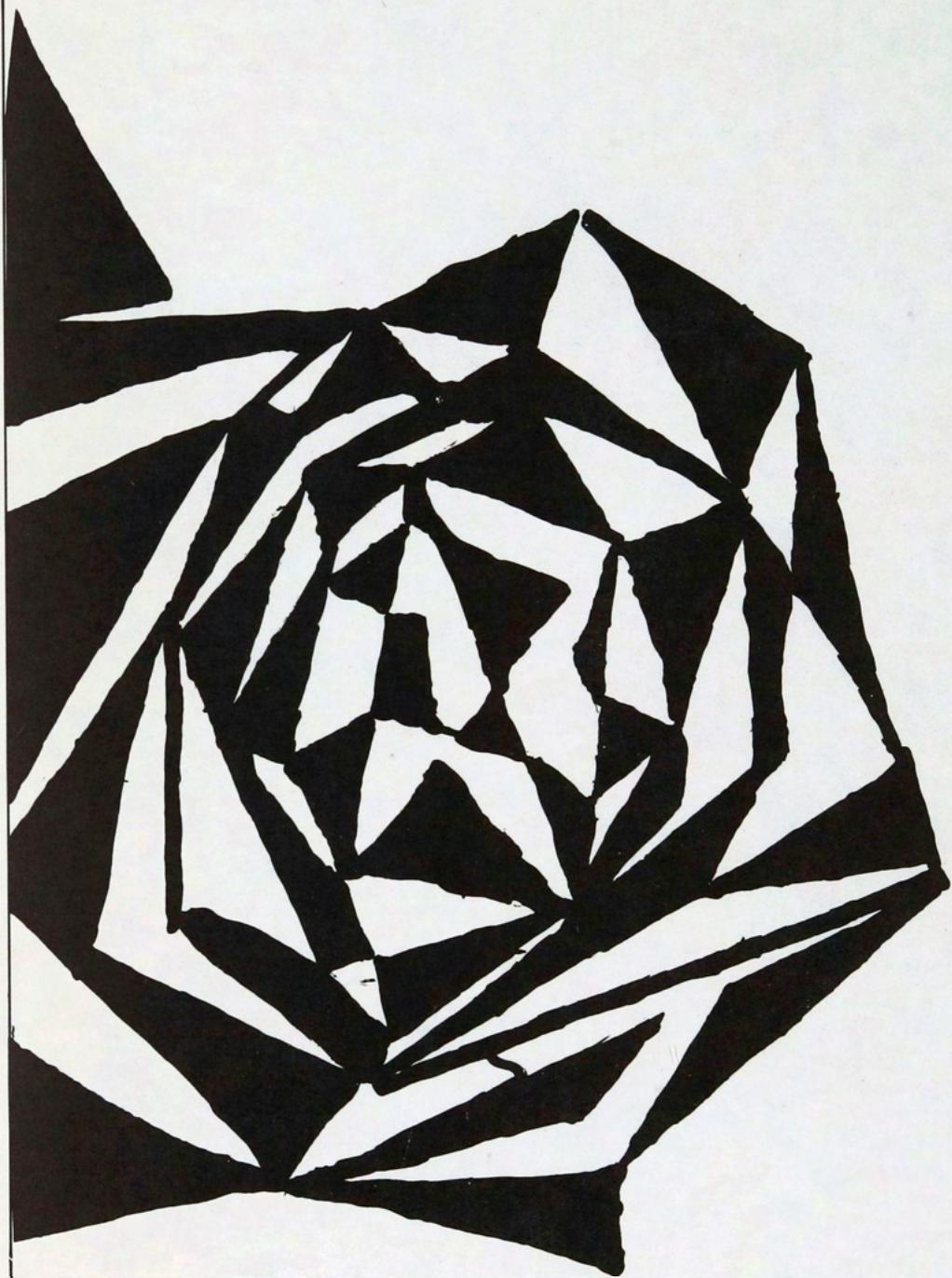
The boats are many  
They sail in search of harbours,  
But the docks are few.



## *Spring*

I like the rainbows in the sky  
That fly very very high  
And I like the cows that come out  
Of the barn that sing a very mooing song.  
I like the buds or blooming trees,  
Where all the bees come to itch their knees,  
And best of all I like when the cold  
Spring air goes rapidly running through my hair.

Renee Azima (IV)



## Cross Section



## The Death of Vanier

He died in Centennial so he couldn't see Expo,  
But don't, my friends, be sad.  
For we all know that that humourous man  
Was good, and wisdom had.  
But now, my friends, you now are saying,  
"Alas, but he is dead!"  
He did his work . . . and it is finished  
Like dying embers of a fire so red,  
And no one weeps after a fire  
When one by one the embers fall black . . .  
They once were a fire, but the fire is done  
And that fire has warmed its people  
As Vanier has served his country, one  
Of the great men of Canada.

Andrea Donderi (III)

## The Study Centre

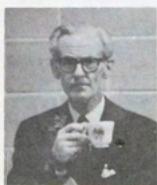
The Study Centre has been a unique experience for me because for the first time in my life I was undertaking a responsibility through which I became involved with many human beings. I have gained a small amount of understanding and insight into the complexities of human nature and into the problems of educating those who live in an underprivileged environment. I am confident that with every blunder that the Study Centre or I made this year we have gained a great deal. I hope that the Study Centre has instilled in its volunteers a sense of responsibility and sympathy towards the needs of our community and mankind.

Barbara Goldbloom (XI)

# The Skating Party

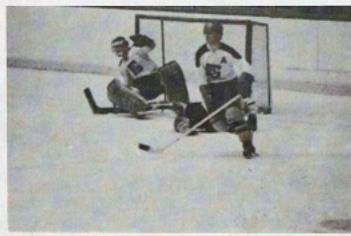


# The Book Fair



# HOCKEY

This is St. George's fourth year of competition in the hockey league, playing Stanstead, Bishop's, Selwyn House, LCC, Ashbury, and Sterling. Both teams, with Keith Alsop coaching, made valiant efforts, but, unfortunately, were rather less than successful. Junior team scores have been mislaid; suffice to say they did a bit better than the seniors.



# OUR BASKETBALL TEAM



St. George's third year in the basketball league was the most successful one yet. Despite an incredible streak of accident-proneness, the team placed third, ahead of Trafalgar and Weston.



# 1969 VOLKMER CO.

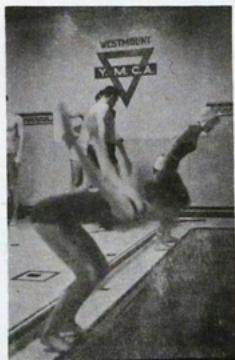


Junior and senior teams were organized this year, and played LCC and Selwyn House. The scores were 0-0 in both games (senior). Perhaps there's hope!

# SWIMMING



St. George's held its own swim meet, then participated in the Girls' Private School meet at the YWCA. We were unable to enter all events, but student support was very good. We hope to do better next year.





# GRADUATES



# GRADUATES



**BARBIE HOOD**

Prototype: Virgin Mary  
Fav. Expr.: "Hookey-doodle"  
Fav. Past.: getting headaches  
Aversion: other people's problems  
Amb.: phys. ed. teacher  
Prob. Dest.: holding dribbling  
classes at the 'Y'



**EUGENE BLANCHART**

Prototype: Little Boy Blue  
Fav. Expr.: "Don't worry"  
Aversion: his school girl  
complexion  
Amb.: high school science and  
math teacher  
Prob. Dest.: mountain climber.

JOEY SCIORTINO

Prototype: Al Capone

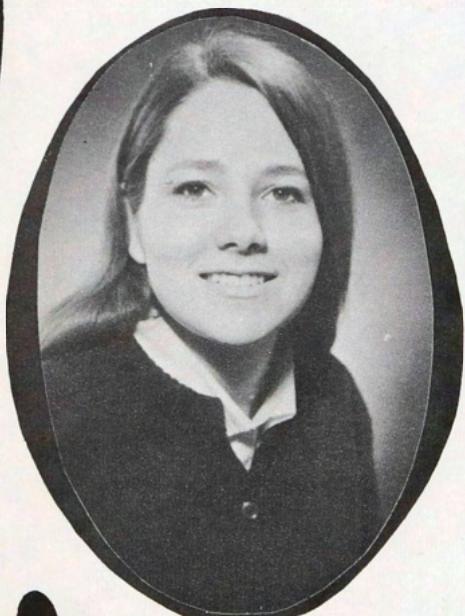
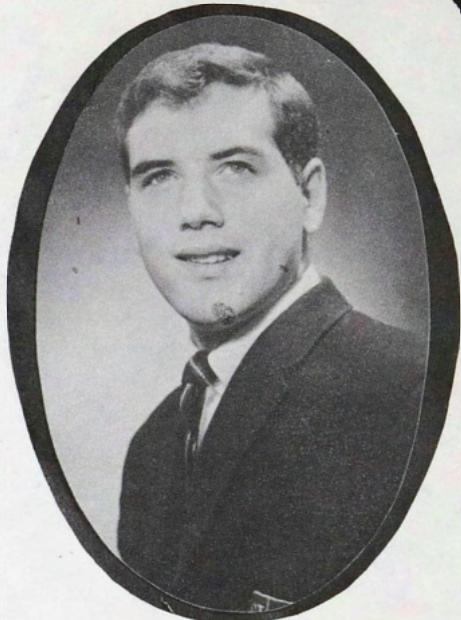
Fav. Expr.: "Well, I have this grandfather who works for the Mafia "

Fav. Past.: running around in black pajamas

Aversion: people who are anti-American

Amb.: construction engineer

Prob. Dest.: Pizza king of Boucherville



SUZANNE CLOUTIER

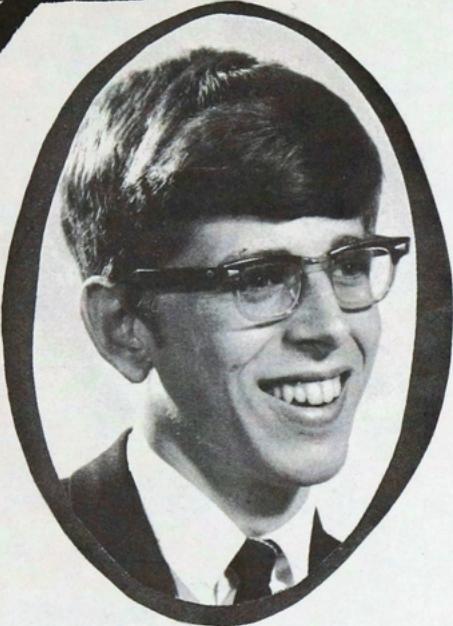
Prototype: The Cheshire Cat

Fav. Past.: looking for teddy bears

Aversion: Gump Worsley

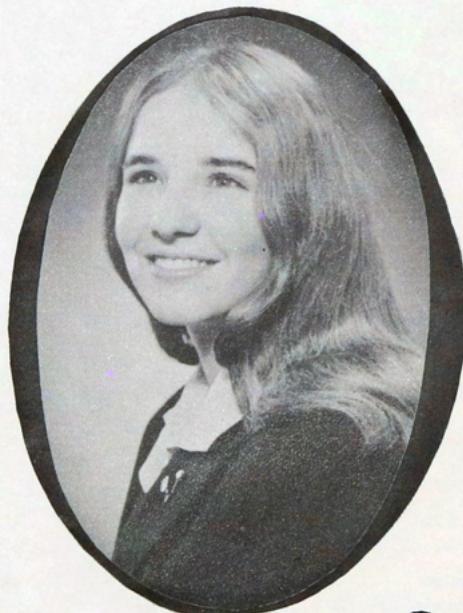
Amb.: fashion designer

Prob. Dest.: display dummy at Holt's



BOB COOKE

Prototype: Woody Woodpecker  
Fav. Expr.: "I want you"  
Fav. Past.: being enigmatic  
Aversion: French class  
Amb.: to have his own recording  
studio  
Prob.: Dest.: sweeping the floors  
at CFCF



CAROL BIELER

Prototype: Maggie Muggins  
Fav. Expr.: "...you know"  
Fav. Past.: writing things down in  
that little black book of hers (?)  
Aversion: unorganized people  
Amb.: Women's Editor of The  
Gazette  
Prob. Dest.: President of the PTA

SUSAN SLYOMOVICS

Prototype: Hippolyte, Queen of the  
Amazons

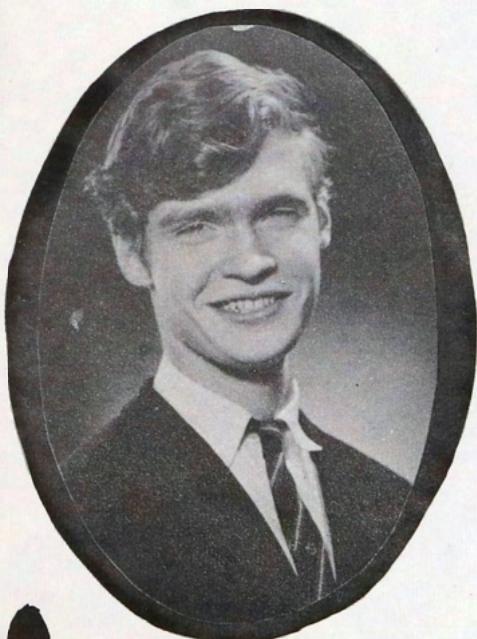
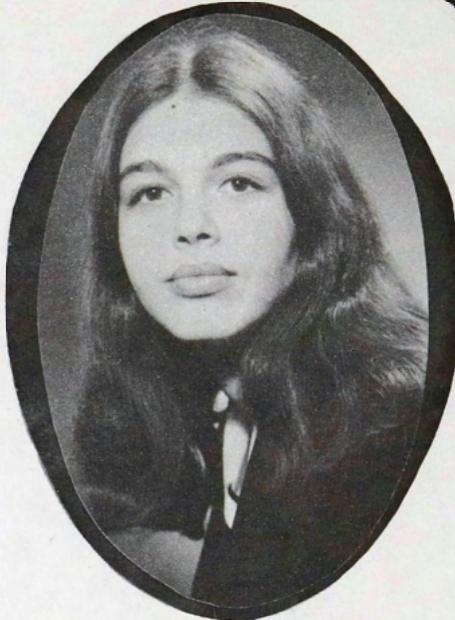
Fav. Expr.: "What can you do? "

Fav. Past.: sewing uniforms on  
her patches

Aversion: cigarette smoke

Amb.: lawyer

Prob. Dest.: co-center with  
Harriet



HOWARD RANSOM

Prototype: Ho Chi Minh

Fav. Expr.: "You cussed hens"

Fav. Past.: quoting from the little  
red book

Aversion: subjective thinkers and  
bourgeois reactionaries

Amb.: conservationist

Prob. Dest.: first non-oriental  
premier of China



**BARBIE GOLDBLOOM**

Prototype: Minnie Mouse

Fav. Expr.: "Yech ...."

Fav. Past.: teaching eight year  
olds speed reading

Aversion: math

Amb.: elementary school teacher

Prob. Dest.: mother of fifteen  
kids.

**PHILIP ZYLBERBERG**

Prototype: Allen Ginsberg

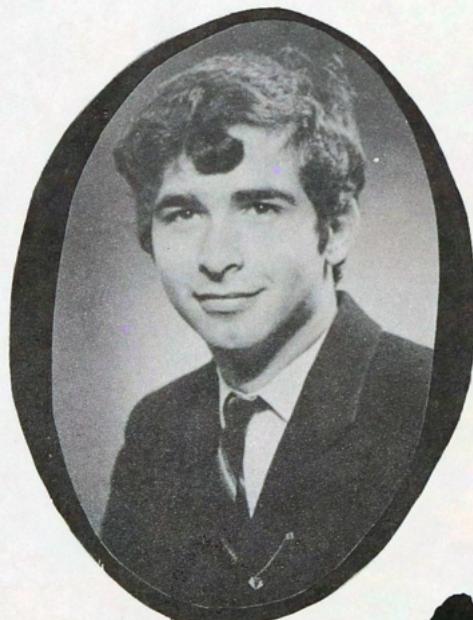
Fav. Expr.: "boy, are you  
stupid!"

Fav. Past.: filling in graph paper  
with black ink (it relaxes his  
mind)

Aversion: "The Spoiler"

Amb.: political scientist cum  
philosopher

Prob. Dest.: beat poet



JONNY LANGSNER

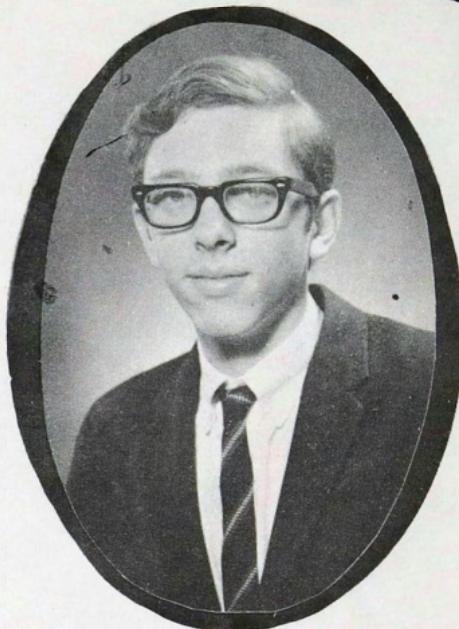
Prototype: Pan

Fav. Past.: singing Dylan

Aversion: Mr. Leicester's  
euphemisms

Amb.: politician

Prob. Dest.: instrument holder  
for Dave Brubeck



KATHIE McCLINTOCK

Prototype: Twiggy

Fav. Past.: yo-yoing

Aversion: older men

Amb.: pediatrician

Prob. Dest.: making Snowballs



JIMMY SHAVICK

Prototype: Don Juan gone wrong  
Fav. Expr.: "but sir"  
Fav. Past.: You name it, he does it  
Aversion: girls who say no  
Amb.: to be rich  
Prob. Dest.: changing mannequins at Holt's



HARRIET SACHS

Prototype: Bernie Faloni  
Fav. Expr.: "Piffle"  
Fav. Past.: carrying her red umbrella  
Amb.: child psychologist  
Aversion: children  
Prob. Dest.: head center for the Harlem Globetrotters

JOANNE MARQUIS

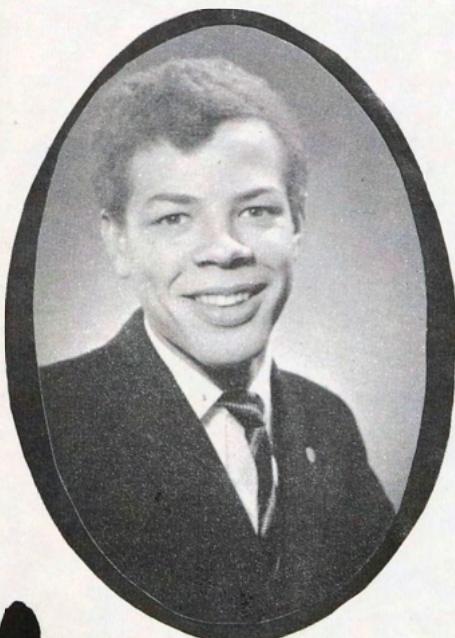
Prototype: Pocahontas

Fav. Past.: telling us about the  
boy next door

Aversion: Remedial Math

Amb.: French teacher

Prob. Dest.: Treasurer for the  
FLQ



VAUGHAN DOWIE

Prototype: Fred Astaire

Fav. Expr.: "Into the microphone  
please"

Fav. Past.: dangling pens from  
his curls

Aversion: people who don't like  
black shirts and white ties

Amb.: to rule the world

Prob. Dest.: working in Muhammad  
Ali's training camp



PETER GABOR

Prototype: Attila the Hun

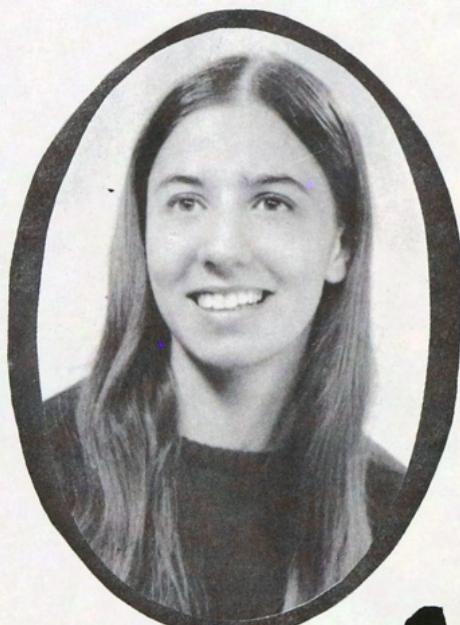
Fav. Expr.: "tsk, tsk"

Fav. Past.: niggling for marks

Aversion: teachers who won't raise  
his marks

Amb.: architect

Prob. Dest.: guest villain on  
Batman



ANGELA SPILIOPOULOS

Prototype: Aphrodite

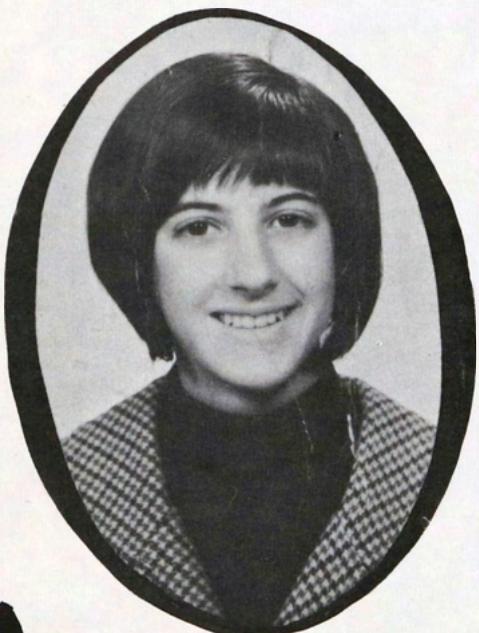
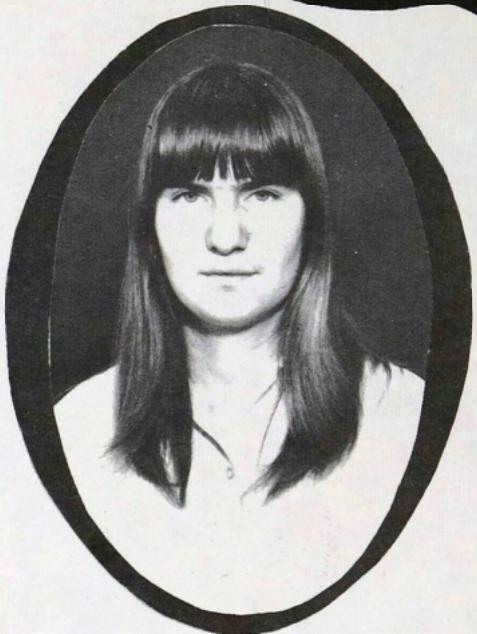
Fav. Past.: go-go dancing

Aversion: Trig

Amb.: psychoanalyst

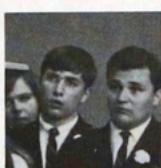
Prob. Dest.: palm reading

**GOLDIE MORGENTALER**  
Prototype: New-wave woman  
novelist  
Fav. Expr.: she never talks  
Fav. Past.: the GDR  
Aversion: "Banana Legs"  
Amb.: Choreographer  
Prob. Dest.: can-can dancer  
..at the Folies Bergères



**SHARON PINES**  
Prototype: Phyllis Diller  
Fav. Expr.: "Don't make me  
laugh. My contacts wobble."  
Fav. Past.: TV or science fiction  
Aversion: fat people  
Amb.: TV writer  
Prob. Dest.: TV antenna





## **"O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts"- Keats**

The nineteenth century English Romantic poets espoused a philosophy of life based essentially on the desire to divorce oneself from reality and to bathe in a sea of sensation. "The world is too much with us" illustrates the ideas of non-involvement and non-commitment inherent in Romantic thoughts. This attitude is now enjoying a resurgence in the new "pop" world of the Berkeley hippies and LSD, of Marshall McLuhan and Andy Warhol.

What the Romantics sought was a feeling of communion with the spirit of universe accomplished by a sincere effort at heightening the senses, and thus opening the mind to allow the onrush of sensation. The hippies seek the same thing. Hunter Thompson, in his book about the Hell's Angels, quotes many of the black-jacketed members as saying that nothing compares with the feeling of driving a motorcycle full-speed into the wind. This is essentially the Romantic communion with nature. The recent most publicized method of heightening the senses is, of course, by the use of hallucinatory drugs such as LSD, peyote, and marijuana. Users of these psychedelic drugs speak of "expanded consciousness", a state in which the auditory and visual senses experience an intense elevation. Timothy Leary's new religion, based upon the use of LSD as a sacrament, promises a union with the "spirit of the whole". Surely, the Romanticists would have sympathized with Leary and his followers.

The Berkeley students who advocate free speech, free drugs, and free love are also seeking the thrills which a total sensory experience brings. Sex, drugs, and "forbidden" words are their keys to the world of "cool" and non-involvement. Their songs and fads show up this craving to stop the world and get off. The "trip music" is a sensory experience, as is an eight hour underground movie showing a man eating dinner and a four foot high cardboard banana being paraded through a crowd of painted, semi-nude revellers high on "acid" at a "Be-in".

Thus, we in the twentieth century McLuhan world of "hot" and "cool" have much in common with those who lived two centuries ago. Both worlds have their rebels yearning for a life of sensation, a life based not in reality, but in some higher unreality.

Sharon Pines (XI)

## **The Champion of All Classes**

Of all the drinking vessels displayed on the glassware shelf, I would first choose the reputable wine glass. If for no other reason, I would select it for its usefulness. Wine-drinking is a civilized and common practice, and the purchase of one fine crystal wine glass could never be considered a frivolous expense. I could take it to a party along with my favourite cigarette holder. How secure one feels drinking out of one's own glass!

But in addition to its most famous use, the wine glass serves many other purposes. Five or more of these, properly tuned and arranged, can make wonderful music. One places the stemmed glasses in a row, and fills each with water or some other liquid at different levels for varying tones. The glasses emit a shrill squeak if rubbed on the rim with a wet finger. I could spend several hours tuning, composing, and playing. If the glasses were filled with some alcoholic beverage, and if one sipped to tune, one might become slightly tipsy, but there is no harm in that.

A wonderful way to disburden oneself of all frustrations is to throw wine glasses at a brick wall. They splinter in just the right manner and the tinkling clatter is a great satisfaction. One stands, feet apart, with a crate of glasses beside



one and hurls them in rapid succession. What a sedative for high-strung people! Cafe proprietors in France can diagnose the business of the night by examining the shattered wine glasses in the garbage pail.

There are several other virtues of the wine glass. It makes small perfect circles and can be used very efficiently for cookie cut-outs or geometry when compasses are missing. One could start a business supplying wine glasses for television westerns. Cowboys have a passion for shooting at this type of glassware in particular. It does not matter if it is out of place.

The only other drinking vessel I like, second to the wine glass, in the glass beer mug. Brandy snifters are cumbersome, tumblers unattractive, liqueur glasses too small, champagne glasses too broad, but the beer mug is sturdy and attractive in its simplicity. It permits a good hearty drink, toasting without smashing, and generally makes one gay and rowdy, It provides a "let down your hair" attitude to life.



With a good collection of wine glasses, and if not that, then beer mugs, one can survive the drudgery of life.

Carol Bieler (XI)

## Of Modern Dancing

Modern dancing serveth for exercise, for chagrin, and for delight. The chief use for exercise is in the stretching of the muscles, for verily they are cramped after much disuse; for chagrin, is in the awk wardness of the dancers; for delight, is in the hilarity afforded to those whose privilege it be to look on. Indeed, these last two uses are related, for as the delight increaseth, so doth the chagrin; and as the chagrin groweth more acute, likewise doth the delight. Such dancing consisteth of three elements of movement, likeunto a problem of physics; these being time, weight, and space. Of time, it is sudden, or sustaines; of weight, there is lightness, which proceedeth from



the breastbone, or there is strength, which is contained in the limbs; of space, the dancers may expand, like a bloated bladder, or may contract by colliding one with the other. Likewise, modern dancing benefiteth the dancer in three ways: in grace, in poise, and in growth. Grace resulteth from the constant elevation of the arms, the drunken tilt of the head, and the sweeping movements, like a swallow in flight. Poise developeth from the feet, for the dancer is for the most part upon her toes. Growth resulteth from prodigious stretching and leaping. So those who are short, or clumsy, or both, will benefit the greatest.

Kathie McClintock (XI)

## The Delight of Procrastination

Among all the vices practiced by students, none equals the sheer excitement and satisfaction of procrastination. Dishonest practices, missing classes, and harassing professors are common and low compared with the niceties of procrastination. However, it is not for the timid, the meek, or the bearer of a guilty conscience. An habitual procrastinator courts danger with each new assignment. With a devil-may-care attitude, he refuses to work until the closing hours are nigh. Then, with a flourish of energy, he sits at his desk feverishly writing until, at the very last possible moment, he completes it. Much self-satisfaction is achieved

that at last the work is done and is done well. Many procrastinators are scientific in their methods, but some are true artists who luxuriate in their freedom. A scientific procrastinator tabulates days and hours and considers all facets of his assignment, while an artistic procrastinator forsakes calculation for intellectual pursuits. Thus, procrastination is indeed the most pleasant vice which a student can adopt: it affords a maximum of enjoyment and a minimum of work.

Sharon Pines (XI)

## Eulogy for "G"

I have always had a partiality for the letter "G". Why this is, I can only guess, but I know that ever since childhood this has been my favorite letter in the alphabet and the only one which I always make sure to form correctly when writing. Perhaps this is because there are twenty-six pages in Webster's dictionary devoted to this letter and twenty-six is my lucky number. However this is purely subjective reasoning.

Objectively, one must admit that the "G" has the most interesting of only letter. It combines the lines of the "I", "F", and "T" with the smooth roundness of the "Q", "O" and "B" without being angular like the former or obese like the latter. Besides this it combines in its geometrically balanced form four distinctly different sounds. For example, in English the "G" can sound soft and harmonious, as in "genocide," or strong and harsh as in "gander". In French, when in combination with an "N", the "G" takes on the sound of the consonant "Y", and in Russian it is often read as "sh". Not many letters can claim this versatility of sound nor can many claim the same universality. In every major language some form of the "G" sound makes up a part of the pronunciation, whereas other letters such as the "X", "Q", and "Y" are non-existent.

.. The great, the good, and the glorious can thank the "G" for beginning and giving gutteral sound to these common adjectives in the English language.

Moreover, the very shape of the "G" can give rise to a great many imaginative exercises. To some it may look like a duck cleaning its tail-feathers, to others like an egg hatching; teachers may see a student bending over his desk in deep concentration; a priest may see someone in the act of prayer; a farmer may see the head of a horse or donkey, and a psychiatrist may see the womb. How can such a wealth of images compare to such commonplaces as a house for the letter "A", a telegraph pole for the "T", and a pregnant woman for "B"? There can be no comparison.

And what musical scale would be complete without a "G"? Any composer will tell you that it is virtually impossible to write a work without a "G" in it.

Is it any wonder, then, that I prefer the "G" to all other letters? Some of the most sacred and precious words in the English language begin with it. For instance God, gold, Goldie . . .

Goldie Morgentaler, (XI)



## Amber Diversion

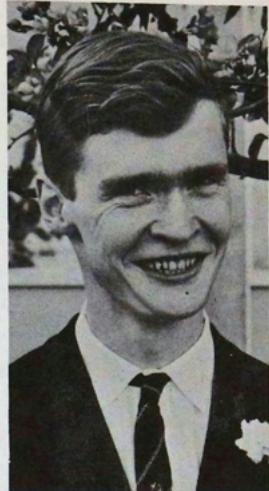


Of the diversions available I cast my vote with spruce gum. In the first place it is tasty — if not in actual fact, at least in my mouth. On the days when a diversion is a name given to a pack of cigarettes and a chaw of tobacco, when a freshener is the title bestowed on two Pepsie and a draw of pot, then the spruce gum, however grainy, comes nobly to the rescue; and on those other days of plenty when timothy straws, LSD, Mars bars and Coca Cola riot together and the table, the spruce gum, softer than ever, is still here to hold its own. Hashish, marijuana, opium and alcohol are not more necessary as crutches than spruce gum.

It is well that the commonest delicacies should also be the best. Of the virtues of spruce gum I have not room fully to speak, It has the properties of jaw strengthening as that it aids in dirty fighting and establishes a tough appearance. It is clean for whoever handles it on the way to your jaws, but handles its lichen-covered surface which is scraped off. It is gooey and forms an excellent substitute with the young for spit balls or burrs. Broken edges can be used to gouge your enemies and quite a small piece of the goo can decorate someone's rug.

But all this would count for nothing had not the spruce gum such delightful qualities of taste. I dare not let myself go upon this subject. I am a slave to its bitter taste. I grudge every Christmas in that it means a fresh supply of cut trees, the promise of so much amber cut short. However I am used to getting the short end of the stick.

Next to spruce gum I place the timothy straw. Timothy is a companionable diversion. You chaw on it while you are gazing or gabbing, and you can go on and on, absent minded as it were, though you must mind not to let the seeds hook on at the base of the back of the tongue. The trouble of pulling the stalk is just sufficient to make your saliva run to make the delicacy juicier for the labour. The seed



tail keeps your fingers from slipping. Lastly it is by means of timothy that one penetrates the great mysteries of life — what you breathe — or whether you will you will have to adapt your own photosynthetic organs or breathe carbon monoxide.

There are two ways of taking LSD. One is alone in the graveyard and the other is in a high school lab. The first method requires us to take a prostrate position in a box in a hole. Since night breezes cause pneumonia, shelter is necessary. The second method takes us to a strait-jacket, for it demands delicate brain surgery to repair fragmented chromosomes. For these reasons I think LSD is an overrated diversion. I must say that I dread to see its slick floating in a cup. It gives a note of danger to the affair and excuses me from attending all school parties.

Mars bars are a good diversion gone wrong. A Mars bar by itself might indeed be the best delicacy of all; but it is almost impossible for the consumer to retain the teeth. I do not refer to its tooth wrenching activities; rather to the stimulation of our dumb little friends. The action of these creatures for the best is well known in the case of Mars bars. If it is to be eaten, it must be swallowed fast and washed out with stannous flouride.

When you deal with an Eskimo, the first thing to do is to come to an understanding with him about the rotten fish. The best way of settling the matter is to give him the lice and the larvae and clots for himself, to allow him a free hand with the lichen, and to insist in return for this that you should eat the tasty morsel of rotten fish as unflavoured by these other exotic northern delicacies as you like. If he is greedy he will consent. But the conditions are different because he generally stores all in one conglomeration.

Coca cola dissolve the enamel from your teeth; pipes, as the tenderfoot discovered, reverse the direction flow of stomach contents; synthetic gum has the faults of Mars bars without their virtues; everything else is sold out. Yet all these diversions are excellent at times. We can overlook the faults during a brief encounter but could not live with them.

Yet with spruce gum we live year in and year out. That speaks well for spruce gum. The fact is that there is an honesty about spruce gum with appeals to some of us — if poison is included in its constitution, the tree is dead. How many a tobacco leaf, which is packed in a fancy paper cylinder, is impregnated with arsenate of lead? How many an innocent looking bottle of beer is skunked? But the spruce gum has no secret faults. Its tree and the number of dead spruce bud worms on the ground is a mirror of its inside, and if you are quick you can tell your gum hacker before he washes it and stimulates mold.

Howard Ransom (XI)

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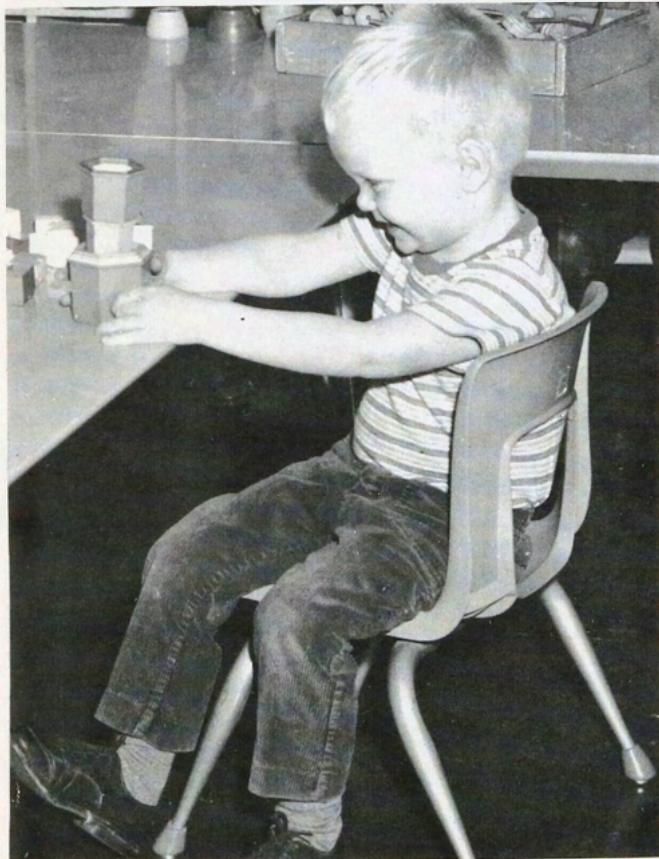
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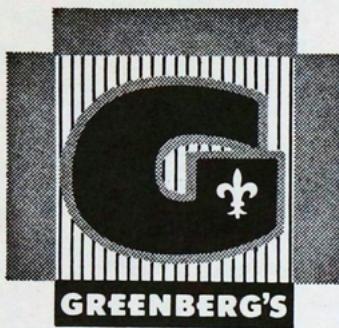
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Mr. Prowse, for his endless patience;

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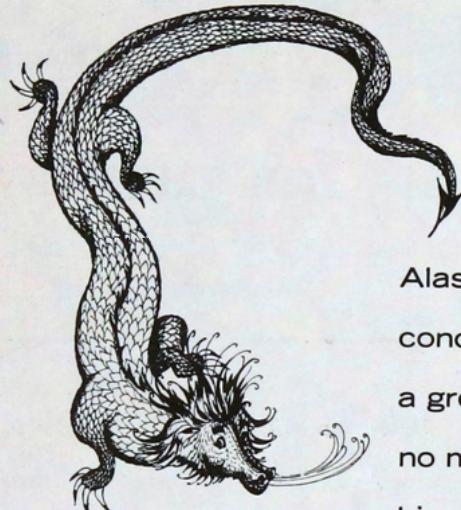
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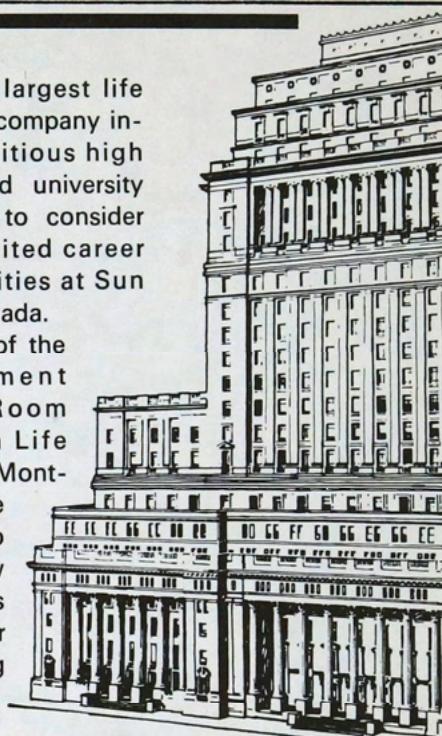
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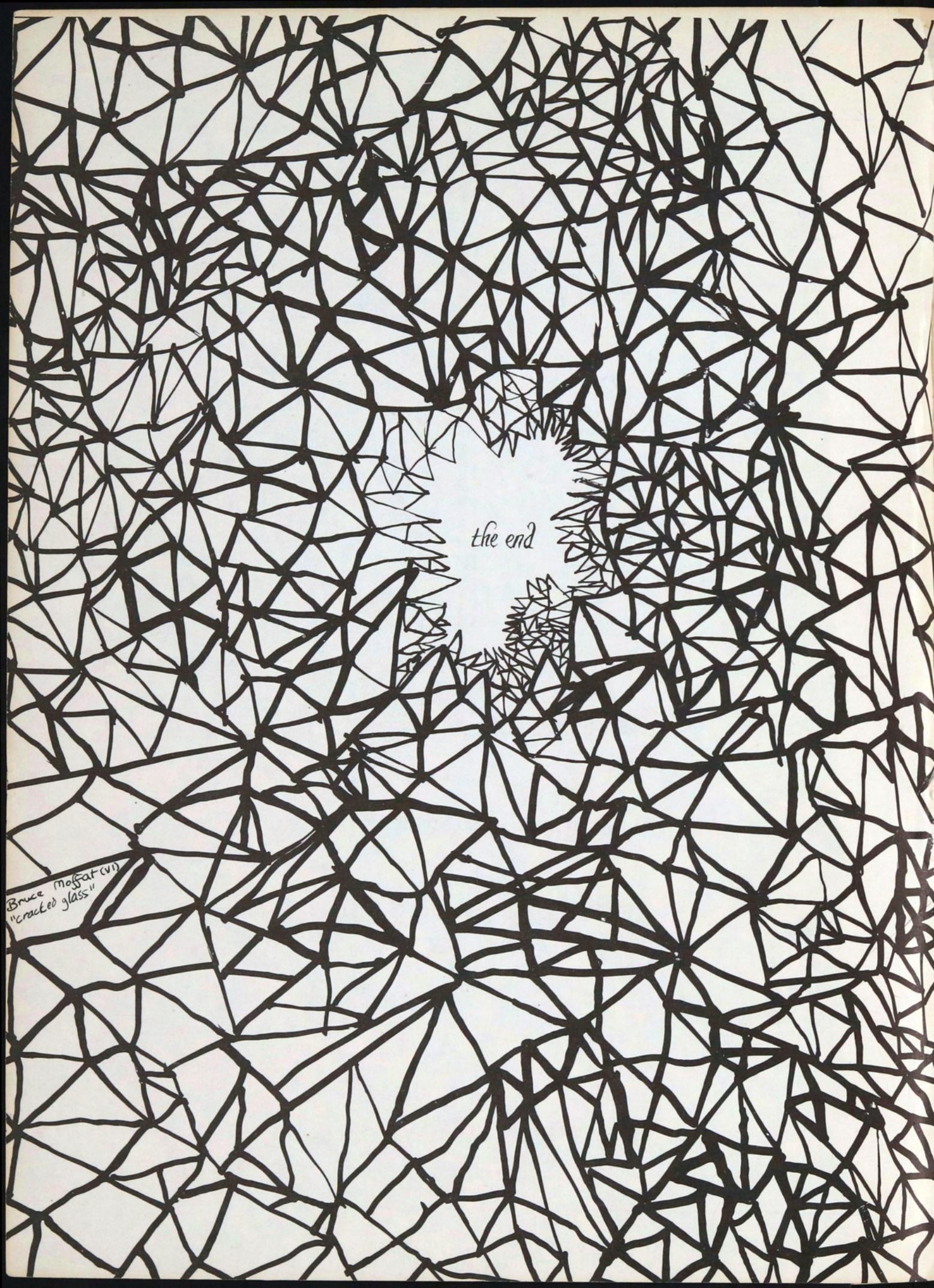
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